

## Restless

Fairport Convention

Born between a river and a railroad  
Restlessness has ruled me since I can't remember when  
There's something in the wind seems to call me like a friend  
So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

There are dreams that I have carried all my lifetime  
And the dreams have made me a stranger  
In the eyes of many a man  
For I do not count the time and my reasons do not rhyme

And down the line and on my way, on my way again  
Oh, rolling along like a shipwrecked sailor  
Who never finds a home  
Broken lines and signs of failure

Rub me to the bone  
Well, I'm weary of the company of strangers  
I'm weary of the city with its heart of hollow stone  
Something in the wind seems to call me like a friend

So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again  
There's something in the wind seems to call me like a friend  
So I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again  
Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again

Yes, I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again  
I guess that I'll be on my way, on my way again (6x)